

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

July - - - - - **1929**

IN THIS ISSUE

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP	319
FATHER TIM CASEY	290
C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.	
MOUNTAIN MAGIC	296
J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.	

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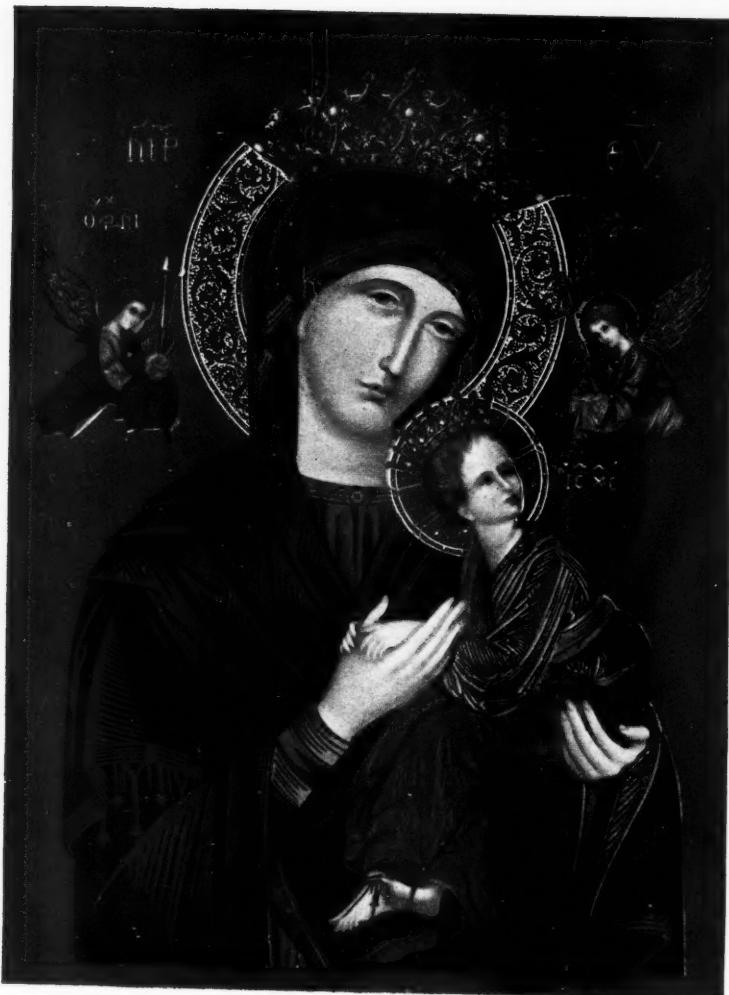




TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP - - - - -	289
AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.	
NEUMANNETTES - - - - -	304
J. MANTON, C.Ss.R.	
HOUSES: THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS - - - - -	309
D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.	
CATHOLIC ANECDOTES - - - - -	325
POINTED PARAGRAPHS - - - - -	327
CATHOLIC EVENTS - - - - -	331
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	334
LUCID INTERVALS - - - - -	336

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1929

No. 7

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

How beautiful thou art, O Lady fair!

The heavenly Father found no other one
In all the world, who with thee might compare,
And chose thee for the Mother of His Son.

How beautiful thou art, O Lady fair!

For Jesus, Son of God, was pleased to call
Thee mother, and be known by all fore'er
As thy own Son,—though mighty God of all.

How beautiful thou art,—e'en mid thy woes!

The shadow of the Cross lies on thy face:
There we can read all Jesus' dreadful throes.

But oh! still, still and more, thou'rt full of grace!

I would that I had artist's highest skill
And poet's fancy bright to tell of thee
In color form and accents that would fill
The hearts of men with love entirely.

But there are throngs to sing thy praises so;
Thy image smiles from countless altar shrines;
And countless hearts with deeper love do glow;—
Thou hast no need of these my foolish lines.

But I have need,—my heart's poor love would cry
With every single beat: Though others may
Love thee with purer, better love than I,
None needs thee more, O Mother, every day.

—Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

COURAGE TO RUN AWAY

C. D. MCENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Hurrah, I'm standing on top of the world!" cried Lawrence Dwyer as he bounded up a limestone ledge and, from that dizzy height, surveyed one of the grandest, wildest scenes that mortal eye has ever beheld, the scene from St. Benedict's Holy Cave at Subiaco.

Father Casey's only answer was a tired smile. He was mopping his brow and catching his breath after the long climb to the summit of the mountain.

"I see a half-dozen snow-capped peaks," Dwyer continued in his enthusiasm; "I see thick, black forests of pine and oak; I see wild gorges and deep shadowy valleys and tumbled masses of boulders; I see steep, barren cliffs which no mountain goat has ever scaled; over across the abyss I see a round battlemented tower; and there is the zigzag path by which we came and the River Aniene which we followed all the way from Rome this morning. A steep, solitary cliff rises sheer out of the river bed, and a gray old abbey is built on top of it. And I can get one glimpse of our weary little railroad that wriggled along the steep valley as far as Subiaco station and then gave up in despair. Over there in the distance I see a raging torrent; straight down below in a deep crack in the earth I see the blue, still waters of a bottomless river—"

"Come down out of that, Larry; the mountain air is affecting your head. You are 'seeing things.' Come down here and calm yourself."

After the young man had clambered down to join him, Father Casey continued:

"I told you that you were 'seeing things.' You made out three rivers where there is only one. That river curving about the town, with the 'Abbey Rock' rising from its bed, is the Aniene; that river deep down in a crack in the earth is the same Aniene; your mountain torrent up among the hills is still the Aniene."

"And Subiaco down there is an ancient town?"

"It dates back to the time of the Roman Empire. One day Nero

felt he would fancy a mountain lake. Accordingly he sent a few thousand slaves up into these parts to dam the Aniene. They built a group of huts on the flat below the dam and called it Sub Lacum, a word the Italian tongue rounded and sweetened into Subiaco."

"I'll say the Romans knew where to come for pure mountain water."

"The Romans have been enjoying this mountain water for the past two thousand years even without coming here. Over among those ridges on the left you can find the beginning of an aqueduct built by the Pretor Marcio in the year 144 before Christ. This aqueduct is 62 miles long and delivers 71 million gallons of water into Rome daily. It is still called 'Aqua Marcia' to honor the man who led it into the city. You drank it at the hotel before you left this morning. The aqueduct follows the Valley of the Aniene from here to Rome."

"Then it follows the route we took this morning—and a picturesque route it is. This husky little river cuts strange capers until it finally tumbles over the cliff at Tivoli and settles down to quiet, discreet behaviour in the Campagna Romana. The other day when we saw it flowing so smoothly near the Church and Catacombs of St. Agnes on the Via Nomentana, it gave no hint of the wild, irresponsible life it had lived up among the hills."

"Ah, there was a reason. At Sant' Agnese it was but a short way from its junction with old Father Tiber. The most wanton children adopt good behaviour when approaching the presence of a stern parent. Even in the mountains the Aniene no longer enjoys its former care-free existence. Modern Italy has put it to work at various points to produce mighty currents of electrical energy for Rome and neighboring towns."

"By the way, Padre, they were hardy workmen who built this old, old road leading up here to the Holy Cave."

"You are right in calling it an old, old road," replied the priest. "If one of the great-great-grandfathers of Christopher Columbus had climbed it on pilgrimage, which is not unlikely, he could have called it an old, old road, even for his time."

"And they built it because the world wanted to come up here and pray at the Holy Cave where Benedict of Norcia laid the foundations of Western monasticism?"

"Yes, because the world wanted to visit the hiding place of a runaway boy."

"You mean to say, St. Benedict ran away?"

"Yes, ran away—saw impending danger and ran away from Rome to hide himself in this wild country. Not only that, but later on when the same danger menaced him here, he ran away again—fled through the mountain gorges away to the South until he found another refuge on the summit of Monte Cassino."

"Ran away," Dwyer repeated. "That does not square with my idea of St. Benedict. I had always pictured him as a strong man, a man of indomitable courage able to face any danger, a man of imperturbable calm and superhuman prudence capable of overcoming all obstacles."

"Your picture is true to life," cried the priest. "No weakling could have made his home in this cave on the mountain top and calmly continued his prayer while hurricanes howled through the gorges and thunderbolts splintered the oaks and blasted the rocks. No weakling could stand the strain of living in the midst of this magnificent solitude, alone with his soul and God."

"And on one occasion he faced the barbarian soldiers, did he not?" Dwyer suggested.

"Totila, King of the Goths, encamped his army at the foot of Monte Cassino. While the bravest trembled and fled before the ruthless invader, Benedict boldly walked out to meet him, addressing him, not in the piteous accents of a suppliant, but with the dignity and authority of a master. He displayed equal courage in facing another king, a king more stern and invincible than Totila, King Death. He selected his own burial place and commanded that it be prepared for his corpse. Then he walked into the church, received the last sacraments, and died standing, supported by his monks. Yes, Lawrence, you were correct when you pictured St. Benedict, the founder of monasticism in the Western World, as a man of indomitable courage, as a strong man."

"Yet you say, Padre, that on at least two occasions he became frightened at danger and ran away."

"I said he ran away. I did not say he became frightened at danger. He saw danger, recognized danger, and finding no reasonable cause why he should risk the danger, he withdrew himself from its imminence—he ran away."

"That presents the action under a different light; still running away does not seem compatible with strength and courage."

"Did you never hear of a strategic retreat?"

"Who is there, in these days, that has not heard the expression? Every time a commander is licked, he tells the world he made a strategic retreat."

"That," said the priest, "is plain lying. There is, none the less, such a thing as a genuine strategic retreat. The best generals have made use of this skillful military maneuvre to concentrate and strengthen their forces for a decisive victory. Such was the flight of Benedict when he ran away from Rome, and again when he ran away from Subiaco."

"What danger was he running away from?"

"From the danger of impurity; from the danger of offending God who has given us the light of reason and who commands us to follow that light in controlling our sexual instincts."

"What is the story?"

"Simply this. The mountain town of Norcia—not far from Foligno—where our saint was born, was lacking in educational facilities. Hence the young nobleman Benedict was sent to study at Rome. Finding his Roman companions so corrupt that he would risk his salvation by continuing to associate with them, he fled from Rome and hid himself among the hills of Subiaco. Eventually his retreat was discovered. Other young men, disgusted with the corruption of the times, came asking him to guide them also on the road of true peace. But envy and jealousy found him, too. Some of his enemies, with truly diabolical malice, brought immoral girls to Subiaco to lay snares for Benedict and his companions. Once more he fled the danger, nor did he stop until he had reached Monte Cassino."

"Now I see," said Dwyer, "what you mean by saying, even though a strong man, he could still run away."

"My boy, he had to be a strong man to have the courage to run away; he became stronger still because he did run away. Benedict was quite different from our moderns who pretend it is courageous to trifle with sexual occasions, who boast that they are strong enough to do so without losing the control of right reason over their conduct, but who invariably fail and often become pitiful examples of mental, moral, and physical weakness."

"You would not even commend their courage?"

"Foolhardiness is not courage. The man who plays with a rattlesnake until he is bitten, the man who uselessly exposes himself to

cholera or smallpox until he is infected, such a man is not a hero, he is an ass."

"Still Benedict's example is of extremely limited application. Granting that our environment is corrupt, nevertheless most of us must remain where the Lord has placed us, take unto ourselves wives or husbands, and bring up families for the perpetuation of the race. Few of us have the vocation to run away and live on a mountain top."

"Larry, there are mountain tops and mountain tops. Comparatively few are called to a life of monastic celibacy, but all, whether young or old, whether married or single, are commanded by God the Creator to govern their sexual instincts in conformity with the light of reason in their particular state of life. This they will not and cannot do unless they avoid unnecessary dangers—unless they have the prudence and courage to flee to the safety of a mystical mountain top whenever their morality is endangered."

"Father Tim, mystical mountain tops are beyond me. Would you mind translating that into plain United States?"

"Gladly. You may have no notion in the world of becoming a monk. Therefore, you are not bound to all the prayer and self-denial necessary for the leading of a life of perfect chastity. You must not, however, conclude that you are exempt from the obligation of prudent watchfulness over the purity of your mind and heart. Being obliged to move in the midst of a more or less sinful world, there are many temptations which you simply cannot avoid."

"Then we are not expected to run away."

"From unavoidable temptations, no. But you are all the more strictly obliged to arm yourself against them."

"How?"

"By, first, frequently renewing your firm will not to consent to these temptations; secondly, by strengthening this good will through the worthy reception of the sacraments of Confession and Communion; thirdly, by praying for divine help."

"You mean saying morning and night prayers?"

"Surely that; but not only that. If you are a real Christian you will direct a prayerful thought to God frequently during the day; above all, you will pray earnestly during temptation, repeating, with the heart or with the lips, some short aspiration."

"For example?"

"Jesus, Mary, help me. My Jesus, mercy. My God, do not let me offend you. Glory be to the Father. The Sign of the Cross, and such like. St. Benedict, as we read in his life, did not get away from all temptations even on his mountain top. When he could run no further, he turned and fought—fought like a man and conquered."

"And what about the temptations which are not necessary? Must we modern Americans run away from them?"

"Absolutely. You can conquer no temptation without God's help. This help He will always give in abundance to those who need and seek it. He will not give it to those who rashly court dangers which they could avoid."

"What are some of the dangers which you would class as unnecessary and, therefore, to be avoided?"

"Your own common sense and Christian instinct will give you the answer. Here is one or the other instance. Certain popular styles of dancing are a source of serious temptation; they are not necessary; they must be avoided. Many shows exert an evil influence on the audience; you must keep away from them. Many books and magazines are bad; you may not read them. You frequent the company of certain evil-minded companions, not because your work forces you to do so, but because you enjoy it; you must drop them."

"Father Tim, aren't you rather overdrawing the case? Times have changed since St. Benedict, and America is different from Europe."

"That may well be true in regard to steel mills and skyscrapers, but emphatically not in regard to the passions of the human heart. In the twentieth century as well as in the fifth, in America as well as in Europe, the unchanging principle holds: he that loves danger will perish in it. We have sermons in stone on the strength and security resultant from prudent self-control wherever a Benedictine Abbey raises its walls, whether on this ancient site of Subiaco or on St. Martin's Hill amid the primeval pine woods of the Pacific Slope."

Some say that the age of chivalry is passed. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as we have Faith enough to say: God will help me to redress that wrong; or, if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal will is to overcome evil with good.

A man is literally what he thinks, his character being the complete sum of all his thoughts.—*James Allen.*

Mountain Magic

A MAN AND A MAID: PLUS MOONLIGHT AND MELODY

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

When a man is spending a year on his back in bed wondering whether he will ever walk abroad in God's sunshine again, strange ideas come to him. What's life worth anyhow? What is happiness on earth anyway? Those are the questions that keep pestering him.

Dan Killon had spent a year trying to answer these riddles and finally gave up trying to decide if life was really worth living and just made up his mind to live anyhow. That's when Dan won his big battle. Dan was in a Sanatorium, a Government Sanatorium for tubercular veterans. Dan had made up his mind that he didn't have tuberculosis but that made no difference to the eminent Army Surgeons, who formed the staff of Giteen Sanatorium. U. S. Hospital, No. X, was its official name, but to the rank and file it was known as Giteen on account of the North Carolina town where it was situated. Sometimes the boys called it "Git IN But Never Git Out." In fact, few of those who did get in, after the unwinding of the long rolls of red tape which are unfailing preliminaries to the admission of any of our suffering heroes to the paternal care of Uncle Sam and his Medical Corps of medical and surgical doctors, who reentered the Army after finding civilian life too dull consequent upon the stirring scenes overseas, seldom did get out until they were carried out in one of Uncle Sam's standardized coffins.

But to come back to Dan. We said Dan declared he had no T.B. though the medicos emphatically declared he had. And it's an axiom of medicine that the patient is always wrong. Dan knew he had no tuberculosis, because the doctors declared tubercular lungs never pain and Dan knew he had a lot of pain. In fact, Dan had so much pain he used to lie awake at night and look at the ceiling and try to work out the riddle of life. Dan said he was suffering from the effects of the gassing he got in the Argonne. But the doctors laughed at him. They had to laugh, because you see doctors know very little about poison gas, as they showed the world after the Cleveland Hospital disaster, but they do know, or think they know, which amounts to the same thing so far as the poor patients are concerned, all there is to know about tuberculosis.

So, more for the sake of peace of mind than for any other reason, Dan stopped arguing with the doctors and stopped trying to figure out the riddle of life and just made up his mind to get well. In fact, it was his natural stubbornness that brought his decision to get well. He thought he was going to die, really had made his decision to die until a big Irish government nurse told him, only cowards died of a disease at Giteen. So Dan, having four citations for bravery, a Croix de Guerre and a Distinguished Service Cross, decided not to spoil his record.

Hence, Dan went through all the rigid discipline to which every T.B. patient is subjected, whether he be a light, severe or arrested case, in a Sanatorium. From being in bed, forbidden to move even his eyebrows, he was permitted to sit up in bed. Thence he graduated to a Saranac Chair, which is a cross between a stretcher, a bed, a morris chair and a rumble seat. The doctors say that the Saranac Chair is the most restful piece of hospital furniture ever invented, but then the doctors never sit in Saranac chairs, any more than they taste the nauseous mixtures they often prescribe for their patients. At any rate, when Dan had undergone the prescribed course of torture, necessary to learning to occupy a Saranac chair with the least degree of discomfort and had reached the stage where he was allowed, nay commanded, to sit in the monstrosity for eight hours a day, during which time he had qualified both as a contortionist and a juggler, for any man who takes his meals in a Saranac must needs be both, he was admitted to the elite of Sanatorial life, namely, the ambulant patients. Ambulant patients are permitted to walk, a few minutes at first, with the time gradually increased until, indoors, they are allowed to exercise half an hour twice a day, after which they are admitted to the very Heaven of Sanatorium joy, outdoor exercise.

Outdoor exercise brings joy to every patient at Giteen, but to the Catholic patient it brings a thrill that can come only once in a lifetime. Being admitted to outdoor exercise means that the Catholic patient is allowed to go to the Chapel and hear Mass on Sunday. A slight thing this, you will say. Is it? Well, if anybody who believes that the Catholic Faith and its practice is all mummary and means really nothing to the mind or heart of a real man, could see the conduct of the boys at Giteen the first time they are allowed to attend Mass, the scoffer would soon change his mind. Men entitled to wear all the medals of

valor the Allies could give, men who faced a hell of machine guns, gas and bombs without a quiver, men who merely laughed derisively in the face of what seemed certain death, men who had just come through weary months of maddening inactivity and helplessness and searing pain and sleepless nights, with the cheerful grin of an optimist or the unfaltering calm of a stoic, fall on their knees, on entering the Chapel and the Sacramental Presence, and bow their heads overwhelmed with emotion. Strong men's sobs, rare at best on this old earth, are invariable accompaniments of the Elevation at Sunday Mass and we have yet to see the convalescent who could restrain his tears the first time he is permitted to hear Mass at Giteen. No wonder! We at Giteen know how they feel. Just like Lazarus must have felt when Christ called to him and Lazarus, who had been dead, walked forth from his grave and gazed once more upon his Lord. No matter how careless a man has been before his sickness, we never yet have seen a T.B. convalescent who would miss Mass after his sickness, so long as he was able to drag himself to the door of the church. Too bad, human nature is so constituted that we do not appreciate what is constantly within our grasp! Otherwise our churches would be thronged to the doors not only at the late Mass on Sundays but at every Mass during the week.

Came the day when all the routine of Giteen had an end for Dan Killon and the doctors signed the papers that made him free to battle with the world and life once more. Strange, Dan had acquired a desire to live but had lost all other ambitions. He had made his mark in the world, and the restlessness, that after the Armistice drove him like so many other veterans of the A. E. F. from job to job, had only served to prove his ability to make a success of anything he tackled. Money he had aplenty stored away in a New York Bank. Fame had disgusted him, when he found the man who had cheered most deliriously when Dan marched down Fifth Avenue on his way to war, and who had broken through a cordon of police to kiss rapturously the medals on Dan's breast when Dan marched up Fifth Avenue on his return from war, did not believe in hiring discharged veterans in his business, because war had stolen their steadfastness and sense of responsibility. Still, before entering the Sanatorium, Dan had enjoyed the zest of battle with a hostile world just from an innate stubbornness that had made him decide to show all and sundry that an A. E. F. hero could make

good in mufti as well as in khaki. But the San at Giteen had stolen all that. So Dan no longer wanted to be Alderman of his district or president of a bank, nor did he want to own a house on Long Island with tiled outdoor swimming pool and a colonial garden. At Giteen, in a word, Dan had won life and had lost the zest of living.

Perhaps, if Dan had been free to go back to old scenes and old companions, in time his listlessness might have worn off and old-time scenes and old-time friends won him back to old-time ambitions and joys. But his discharge from Giteen had not been unconditional. Light work on a farm in the Carolina mountains had been recommended by the Surgeon in Chief at Giteen. So Dan hobbled forth to the bus that was to bear him from Giteen to Asheville, not bearing a ticket that would carry him to New York, but a ticket to a water tank station on the Southern railroad and a letter that was to be his passport to employment at a farm in the mountains. Carolina farmers rather like tubercular veterans. Of course, the men can do rather less than the average farm hand, but they sleep in tents and they cost nothing except their food. Sometimes they used the barn as parlor, bedroom and bath.

* * *

May had witnessed Dan Killon's discharge from Giteen; October saw him still on the little farm outside Hendersonville in the Carolina mountains. "Helo, one mont mans!" had been his greeting from Mrs. Plima, widow owner and chief operator of the farm, whose narrow fields made long brown gashes in the otherwise green mountainside up and across whose summit they ran in irregular lines. Yes, "Helo, one mont mans!" had been her sarcastic greeting, a greeting which if she had only known it was her best assurance that the square jawed, determined looking red head in the faded old khaki uniform would not be a one-month man, but would stay longer just to prove she was wrong.

Not an overly amiable employer was the widowed Bohemian lady, to whom the services of Dan Killon had been tendered by his grateful government. Straight from Bohemia to the mountains she had come, when her husband had called her once his funds proved sufficient to pay her passage after the purchase and payment for the farm. Old Nick Plima had been one of those gullible foreigners whom a land company had shamelessly victimized, luring him first from Bohemia and then through the steel mills at Birmingham to Virginia, where a vast expanse of good farm land was promised for a trifling sum, among

people of his own nation amid ideal surroundings. The traveler finds still a large colony of such victims, hopeless, impoverished, surly and discontentedly unhappy living on plots of wretched ground impossible to farm in the state that was the birthplace of the Father of his Country. Nick had gotten out quickly; with pioneer courage had set out to explore for himself and had finally bought the mountain farm in Carolina for a trifling sum, from its cracker owner, who was so "glad to git shet of the pesky place fer cash, thet I'll throw in a pair of mules with the land." To the farm old Nick had summoned first his daughter from the cigar factory in Baltimore where she had been employed for a year and then his wife, Anna, from the old country. Having given his family a home in the mountain cabin and endowed them with lands free from debt but encumbered with rocks, old Nick turned up his toes one night at the crack of a mountaineer's rifle, fired with accurate aim, when Nick, ignorant of mountain traditions, had approached too near the blockader's still without first hallooing a warning.

Dan Killon didn't know all this history of the Plimas, or he might have been less contemptuous of his woman employer, who had, with the skill and strength of a man, fought and conquered the rugged mountain till it produced enough of crops to yield her and her daughter Matilda a living. Dan's only converse with his employer was to receive surly orders voiced in broken English assigning him tasks. With the daughter, Tillie, Dan had held no speech at all for old Anna had called him on his arrival and pointing to her daughter at work weeding a corn patch had said: "See dot my girl. She pretty girl all right. Dot none your beezness. My Tillie speak not one word English. You keep way. I ketch you talk her, ride way quick you git out. Two one mont mans alreddy I fire for try talk my Tillie."

Dan had laughed contemptuously with a careless glance at the figure dressed in shapeless calico, working barefoot in the cornfield, and had assured Anna he would not even look at her precious daughter.

Alas for the pride and good intentions of men. While it is true that none but a man sick of life and careless of the future would have been able to stay on the lonely farm the first few weeks and endure Anna Plima with her nagging ways and her thrifty, not to say penurious economy of food, we must admit, it was not determination nor even stubbornness but Tillie Plima who had held Dan on the mountain once

those first few weary torturing weeks had fled. A weak body rendered stranger to physical toil by the long months in the Sanatorium had to be whipped by a dogged will to perform the light tasks entrusted to him by Anna during the first two weeks. Then panting lungs began to cease their wheezing and muscles lost that deadly weariness typical of tubercular lassitude, as the mountain air and plentiful exercise got in their work. Only then did Dan Killon rouse sufficient energy to look about him and survey his surroundings closely. He surveyed Matilda Plima and found her good to look upon.

Truth to tell, Matilda Plima was a beauty, and a beauty of a type that fitted in well with her mountain surroundings. The Great Smokies, as that part of the chain of Appalachians that stretches through Western North Carolina is called, still retain much of their primitive ruggedness and wildness. Bear and deer still roam their heights. Many a mountain brook remains unfished by the white man with rod and reel. Settlers in some sections are few and far between and even a tribe of Cherokee Indians may be found in their settlements from which the Government was unable to drive them out. Almost unexplored are many sections of these mountains and the few farms that scar the summits of the peaks still must fight constantly to maintain the ground cleared from the pristine wilderness.

Lithe as one of the panthers whose unearthly screams now and then echoed round her home, Tillie Plima had much of the wild yet charming beauty of the mountains. Black hair, in uncut waving tresses, tossed about her well formed head as she went about her tasks. Eyes, deep, dark and piercing as a gypsy's, shone from beneath thick lashes. The oval face, tanned nut-brown by mountain winds and Carolina sun, was brightened by two lips red as mountain berries which opened now and then to reveal ivory teeth shining in the small dainty mouth under the sensitive nostrils of the long thin yet dainty nose so characteristic of pure-blooded Bohemians.

True to his promise to Anna, Dan had not spoken to her daughter. First, because he rather feared an abrupt dismissal from the cantankerous old woman, who guarded her offspring with all the jealous watchfulness of a tigress; and secondly, because Anna's information (borne out by the fact that she spoke only Bohemian to the girl), that Tillie spoke not a single word of English, precluded conversation.

Yet, despite the fact that not a word had been exchanged between

this wild mountain flower transplanted from Bohemia to Carolina, and this once broken man now fighting his way back to a health that had no charms for him, romance reared its head on the Carolina mountain-side. Mayhap it was music, mayhap it was the scenery, mayhap it was the innate loneliness in the heart of the man and woman, but be the cause known or unknown, the erstwhile listless Dan had quickened to new life and new hope and desire of happiness because he fell madly in love with a girl to whom he had never spoken.

Outside her distrust for all strangers and her contempt for invalids especially, Dan might have called himself the favorite of old Anna. With the return of strength, Dan's old ability to make good on any job he tackled manifested itself. No stranger to farm work since as a boy he had spent all his summers on a farm, he proved an able and willing assistant in all the work on the farm. In addition to this, his natural ability with tools and his restlessness kept him busy mending and improving things around the place when there was no work possible in the barn or the fields. Assigned to the barn in the beginning, Dan had not lingered there any longer than it took him to gather lumber and find time to rear himself a tiny cabin on the mountain summit. This he furnished with the few necessaries assigned him by Anna on his arrival and by a few odds and ends purchased on his infrequent visits to Hendersonville. Now and then he found his scanty furnishings supplemented by some article for which he gave credit to a hidden kindness of the cross-grained Anna, which she feared to manifest openly, lest the workman take advantage of the employer. He never guessed that Matilda was the real donor. Nor could he well have guessed this fact, for in their rare meetings Tillie treated him with outwardly disdainful contempt. Well might she do so, no matter what her interior sentiments, for the eagle eye of Anna was ever upon her. Only once had Tillie smiled at Dan. In the barn one day Dan had picked up a tiny rosary from the floor. To say he was surprised at finding the rosary would be putting it mildly. Though he himself had positively refused to work on Sundays and trudged over the mountain four miles each Sabbath at dawn to catch a bus which would take him to Hendersonville and Mass, Anna and Matilda worked about the farm on the Lord's Day as though Sunday were no different from any other day. No sign of piety had he been able to see around the domicile of the two Bohemians, but on the contrary, stray words let fall now and then by

Anna strengthened her claim, so far as superstition was concerned, to the title which the mountaineers gave her of the "foreigner witch."

Hence Dan said nothing but put the rosary in his pocket. Later in the day he was surprised to see Tillie with tear-stained cheeks searching anxiously around the barn. He stepped up to her and questioningly held forth the rosary beads. With a glad cry she seized them and hid them in the bosom of her dress, after kissing them devoutly. Then flashing Dan a smile of gratitude she fled from the barn without a word, leaving Dan dumb with amazement.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A LEGEND OF PATIENCE

Once Abraham, the Jewish Patriarch, was sitting in his tent door as the sun was setting, and thanking God in his heart for all the wealthy comfort of his life. Presently an old man came limping by, very weary, with torn and bruised feet. He was nearly a hundred years old and a penniless, starved wanderer. Moved with a rich man's easy compassion, he bade the hungry traveler come in, and set him down to meat. When the stranger had eaten and drunk, Abraham asked him sternly:

"Why didst thou not thank God for the refreshment He has sent thee by my hands?"

"I thank thee," said the old man, "for thou hast been charitable to me. God I thanked not, because I knew not of Him, or if there be any God."

Whereupon the righteous soul of the patriarch burned within him, and with his staff he belabored the blasphemer. Then, tired of his exercise, but pleasantly elevated by the sense of his zeal, he sat down, and God called to him without the tent. And Abraham went to receive his commendations.

"Fourscore years," said God, "I have borne with that man. Couldst thou not bear with him one night?"

Parents should strive to say the Rosary in common at home, and consider, it takes only ten minutes; for, remember Christ said: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them!"

Neumannettes

J. MANTON, C.Ss.R.

Not long ago the present writer, in a series of articles entitled, "And Now They Whisper Saint," set pantingly about to rout the filmy dust and snarled cobwebs that had gathered through the indifferent years on the portrait of Venerable John Neumann, Vice-Provincial of the Redemptorists, fourth bishop of Philadelphia, and candidate for the honors of the altar. But, for all the rotary vigor of a zealous elbow, streaks and smudges and blurs told too bluntly that the amateur dusting had not left the portrait entirely dustless. And especially the corners—the corners were perfect safety-zones for the retreating gray particles; for, as any housewife will tell you, dust-cloths have never shared that partiality for corners peculiar to Master John Horner of the inquisitive thumb. Well, to wipe away the smudges and to invade the crevices, to bring out what has not been brought out, and to tell what has not been told, is the purpose of the following paragraphs.

* * *

In deference to a procedure rather prevalent among biographers, and in recognition of its indispensability as an initial fact, let it be prefaced that John Nepomucene Neumann was born on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of grace 1811, at Prachatitz, a town of southwestern Bohemia. Cradle days and the interesting period of four-footed locomotion must be slighted with silence, there being a disconcerting lack of reliable documentation on this head. As is generally the case, the history of that primitive stage is to be read, if it is to be read at all, in scratched chairs, bruised toes, and walls gleefully splotched by chubby fingers with surreptitious ink; but unfortunately, even these infantile archives of undeniable authenticity are, in the present instance, unavailable.

On Neumann's intimates we are better informed. Philip Neumann, his father, was a Bavarian by birth, a successful weaver by trade, town-almoner by public office, and a practical Catholic before all else. Agnes Lebis, Neumann's mother, was a saintly woman of Bohemian stock. Six children came to brighten their home, four girls and two boys. The latter were called John Nepomucene and Wenceslaus, after the patron saints of Bohemia.

The education that was to make John Nepomucene Neumann "one of the most learned men in the United States" began in his native town of Prachatitz. A huddle of houses in the Bohemian hills, Prachatitz was old before Richard the Lionheart and the Crusades were young. Its crooked streets rang with the clash of religious swords in the dim days when men did more than shrug their shoulders over differences of creed. Its ancient walls are even today studded with hostile cannon-balls that offer the reflective moralist a grim simile of old wrongs lodged in a brooding mind. History grew up with the town; Mansfeld swaggered through it; Ziska the One-eyed blinked in its sunlight till another shaft stabbed out his remaining eye. . . .

And centuries later, a lad named Neumann played in its fields, prayed in its church, fished in its stream, roamed its rugged mountains, and droned out his lessons to the village Catechist. When a Catholic tourist does Prachatitz, the guide infallibly leads him to the birthplace of Venerable Bishop Neumann. Today, a church-like structure without, it is an orphanage within. When his parents died, Neumann bequeathed the family residence to the Sisters of Charity. They transformed it into an orphanage and appointed Sister Mary Caroline Superioress. Sister Mary Caroline happened to be Neumann's own sister—so for years she ruled a religious community in her own name. Later she rose to the highest office in her Order, Superioress-General, while her brother was made the Shepherd of a great American diocese. This Benedict-Scholastica chapter in Neumann's life is little known.

Prompted by a very commendable public spirit, the civic authorities of Prachatitz called the thoroughfare on which the orphan asylum raises its gray front, Neumann Street, in honor of the town's distinguished citizen. It is by no means a broad boulevard, and a glance at its bumpy cobble-stones makes one wish that civic generosity had gone farther than a weatherbeaten signpost.

* * *

That Neuman was a normal, red-blooded, adventure-loving youth can be deduced from an event that happened a few months after he left the Seminary. He was sleeping peacefully in his home early one cold December morning, when the silence of the dawn was startled by the loud clanging of the fire alarm. Neumann sprang from his bed and flew to the window. Pennants of flame were snapping above a little village two or three miles away. He dressed quickly, banged at

his father's door, and called out, "Pfefferschlag is on fire! I'm going!" In a short time he reached the blaze. One house was already wrapped in flames; the hesitating villagers were huddled together like frightened sheep. The situation was perilous. Once the fire leaped over the next cottage, the village would go up like a row of matchboxes.

Assuming the leadership that automatically falls to the cool and resourceful, Neumann took the crisis in hand at once. He sent some running for ladders, and others scurrying off to get buckets. Up to this time they had been getting nothing but hysterical. When the first ladder arrived, he planted it against the threatened cottage, darted up, and dashed bucketful after bucketful, as they were handed up, into the flames that were leaping from the adjoining house. Soon other ladders were up and other bucket brigades were feeding them.

Providentially the wind began to fall off. Sometime later help came from Prachatitz, and the blaze was beaten down under the spreading bucketfuls that slapped down, sizzling and hissing, into the fire. But during the hours when the flames raged fiercest, Neumann was the inspiring spirit of the fire fighters. He worked furiously, worked grimly, worked till his coat was encased in ice, worked till he collapsed on the scene in sheer exhaustion. One of his hands was so badly gashed and burned, that months later the wound was still partly open.

Young Neumann's heroic role was duly emphasized by the villagers when they reported the near-calamity to Prince Schwarzenberg, whose domain included Pfefferschlag. In return, that titled personage wrote Neumann an appreciative letter in which he lauded the youth's gallant conduct, thanked him for averting the annihilation of the village, and bade him ask any favor he wished. Neumann's mother saw the letter in his pocket with the seal still unbroken. She demanded that he read the message. The "hero" must have smiled a little when he read the Prince's letter with its sweeping offer, and its "though it be half of my kingdom" air. On the one hand the only things Neumann really wanted, the spiritual things, the eternal things, like the love of God and His grace, the Prince of Schwarzenberg could not give; and on the other, Neumann had a standing offer from Someone Who *could* give them, in a certain "Ask and you shall receive." The Prince of Schwarzenberg was grateful enough and undoubtedly meant well; but placing him alongside the King of Heaven certainly made a pitiful parallel.

One night when young Neumann was crossing the Atlantic, a terrific storm swooped down on the rolling ship. It sent every passenger scurrying below decks—everyone but Neumann. Neumann, you will notice, was not a timid man. It must have called for a little pluck, a little of the spirit of adventure, in a youth who had never walked a deck before to stay out there in the flash and crash of the exploding sky, with the deck sliding under his feet, and every now and then a wall of solid water smashing over the rail. The saints have never lacked courage as the world interprets that word. When Attila, the Scourge of God, led his barbarian hordes to the walls of opulent Rome, Pope St. Leo fearlessly rode out to the glistening spears and oxhide shields; and Attila who boasted that the grass never grew where his horse had trod, was awed by the presence of the man and turned his charger's head away from the trembling city. When the Mohammedan governor of Algiers made it a crime to preach Christianity, St. Raymond Nonnatus laughed a little grimly and doubled his preaching. (Whereat the tyrant, with unbelievable Oriental cruelty, had the saint's lips bored through with hot irons and fastened with a padlock.) When the French artillery battered down an opening in the walls of Pampelona, Ignatius, a Spanish Cavalier, leaped to the breach and with sword aloft gallantly directed the defense. A ball shattered his leg. And since those were the colorful days of doublet and hose, the wounded captain bade the doctors bring out their saws and grind off a protruding piece of bone, and bring on their iron engines and stretch the limb to its normal length. For Ignatius would have his trunk-hose sit as smoothly and handsomely as a cavalier's should.

If it be courage to dare danger or to bear pain, then Leo, Raymond, Ignatius were certainly courageous men. But there was in them a higher courage than mere physical valor, and this manifested itself in their respective resolves to become saints. This was more than daring danger; it was daring ridicule, daring pity, daring their own flesh and blood. Courage in its richest vein lies embedded in the hearts of the saints.

* * *

Neumann sang his first Mass in the Church of St. Nicholas, Second Street, New York City. Recently when a vast Centennial Drive was inaugurated to perpetuate this church, renowned as a venerable landmark and a triumph of pure Gothic, the campaign booklet bore on its

cover the picture of Venerable Bishop Neumann. The whole Drive pivoted around his name. No doubt the parish memoirs of St. Nicholas, reminiscent of a century of crowded service in a bustling city, are rich in incident and profuse of great names; yet after these scores of years, the figure that comes into clearest focus against the blurred background of the past, is a man whose longest sojourn at St. Nicholas' was probably the month he spent there before his ordination. But the zeal of him and the spirit of him manifested in that month and in occasional visits during later years, made Neumann a tradition at St. Nicholas' that time cannot tarnish nor great successors obscure.

* * *

Neumann's first missionary field was the wild and lonely region around Niagara Falls. At North Bush, the Kenmore of today, he built a little stone church and dedicated it to his patron, St. John Nepomucene. Claiming to be the oldest Catholic Church in Western New York, the little gray primate is still in active service. For more than seventy-five years after Father Neumann left it in 1840, it was without a resident pastor. But today Neumann has a successor, and strangely enough it is a man who was born in the shadow of Neumann's tomb in Philadelphia, and who listened to stories of the great Bishop at his father's knee. All his life Father Charles A. Klauder has cherished a flaming devotion to Neumann; and today he is striving manfully to make the Venerable Bishop more widely known and more warmly loved.

MEMORIES

Though fleeting are life's happy moments,
So swift do they run passing by,
Our hearts can store up their sweetness
For the days when sorrow is nigh.

When trees are shedding their blossoms,
We see them depart with a sigh:
Those flowers might live forever,
But they bear no fruit till they die.

—James Smiley, C.Ss.R.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Often, on a moonlit night, small, odd-shaped bits of cloud scurry across the sky. Out of the dimness they rise, and crossing the path of the moon, they cast a dull black shadow on the earth below—where all had been bathed in a mellow, silhouetting light before. Then they pass and are gone—and the shadow is lifted from the earth—and the moonlight is there once more.

Shadows, even like these, often fall on the houses of men. Sometimes it is the shadow of sorrow and pain; sometimes it is the shadow of parting and death; they come and pass and are gone. But often, too, it is the darkest shadow of all—the shadow of hate—that, like the cloud that betokens the storm, does not speedily pass—but blots out for a long time and sometimes forever, the brightness of peace and contentment in human lives.

I

Amid the varying noises of clamping breaks and releasing steam and the shouted announcements of brakemen and porters—the Flying Special drew up under the shed of Union Station. Crowds surged forth from its cars—gay and laughing crowds; silent and preoccupied crowds; crowds that mingled quickly with other crowds and were lost in the city's whirl.

Among the crowd that stepped from the train was Joe Lacey. Joe—with quite a noticeable limp in his right leg—with a worn, unrefreshed look on his features, had arrived back home from the war. The war was over some six months now—but all that time Joe had spent in a Paris hospital, and now at last—with a lifelong limp as his souvenir—he was home again.

The war was over, and much of it was long since forgotten by the masses who came and went in the routine of daily life. So no one noticed Joe—as with his battered bag and his free hand in his pocket fingering the dollar and sixty cents that was left to him—and the dogged look in his eyes—he entered the station. Joe would not have known if he had been noticed. Even his limp was forgotten now—that betraying mark of which he was usually so painfully conscious. There were

tears in his eyes, as he stopped a moment and looked forlornly about the station.

A scene was before his eyes. The scene of his leaving here two years before—just a boy of nineteen—leaving his home town for the first time in his life. Through the tears he saw it again. Mother and Dad and little sister, Dolly, pressing around him. Saying good-bye with hearts full of love and eyes filled with tears and hands that sought to hold him till the last moment. Good-bye! He would go through that a hundred times again—rather than this—this return to a city where there was no love awaiting him.

Strident voices broke in on his reverie.

"Taxi! Taxi!"

"Carry your bag, sir?"

"Check your baggage, Mister?"

Joe looked at his bag, felt again of his stock of cash, shook his head and wandered on. The sharp, business-like voices changed to those of his Mother and Sister.

"It won't be long, Joe," his mother had said, between rushes of tears. "You'll be back with us soon again—we'll be all together and have good times again!"

"Can't I go with you, Dodo?" Dolly had innocently said, not understanding what it was all about. He had taken her in his arms and said falteringly:

"Not this time, Dolly girl. When I come back we'll go to all kinds of places again, won't we?"

She had sunk her curly head on his shoulder and cried.

He tried to break away from his memories, and left the station and boarded a street car. He was thankful anyway that he had some place to go.

The old homestead on First Street intensified his bitter loneliness. The shades were down, the grass around it that he had always kept so trim, had grown long and scraggly, and a heavy, palling silence seemed to brood over the house. He took out his key, which he had treasured more than anything else, and entered at the front door. The sun had almost set—but thin lines of brilliant red broke through at the sides of the window shades—and Joe could see the fresh roused dust fill the light with tiny particles.

He threw his hat in a corner, dropped his bag on the middle of the

floor, and before he touched a thing in the house or even looked around, he sank into the wide leather arm-chair near the open fireplace. A little heap of dead ashes lay before him—gray and black like his memories. He fixed his gaze on them and seemed to melt away into the silence and fixity of the scene.

An hour passed. The house was in shadow now within and without, from the gathering darkness. A number of cigarette stubs smoked out on the hearth. Joe sat the same.

After a while he reached in his pocket and took out two letters. They were brown with age and creased from constant unfolding and refolding. They were spotted and stained with trench dirt and rifle grease and even a little blood. Joe opened them carefully—but saw the dark was too much for him to read. He arose and built a fire; there was paper and wood in the box at the side.

He settled himself again and began to read. His eyes concentrated on the four or five lines that had blasted his life and changed him more than anything else could have done, from a laughing youth into a broken and disappointed man.

"Sorry, old boy," his father had written, "but I suppose it's best that you know the sad news. Your mother and I have had a quarrel—or rather the last of a series of quarrels—and we mutually decided there was no use carrying on the farce of married life any longer. We're divorced now and living apart. She has Dolly with her—and is traveling on her alimony. I've left the house on First Street—and have decided to leave it entirely to you; you'll need it when you come back to marry Lucy. . . ."

Joe stared at the words. He could never feed his embittered soul enough on them. It was almost a sort of pleasure to increase the agony of his loneliness—the unhappiness of his heart and the bitter, hateful resentment of his whole being at what had been done to shatter the dream-world he had so loved and cherished. He laid the letter aside and took up the other. A very faint, delicate odor of perfume still lingered on the brown and soiled bit of paper. It was from his girl, Lucy.

" . . . There is nothing I would not do, Joe, to save you from the pain of this. But your last letter makes me speak. I have always told you we could not be more than friends. You know the reason. It is my Catholic faith, which means more than my life to me. So please,

for the sake of us both, do not write to me as you did any more. . . ."

So that was that. Everything gone, he reflected, everyone turned against him while he had been over in France fighting and bleeding and risking his life for them. How he hated the world that allowed such things. Hate! That's what he would live for—to hate the world and people and everything. To go through life alone—fostering the unhealing wound that the selfishness of others had opened in his soul.

He got up and went to his grip. He opened it and extracted three packages—presents he had bought in France for Mother and Dad and Dolly even before he had been wounded. He came back to his chair and unwrapped them. A fancy purse for his mother—the kind she liked to carry on her little shopping tours. A pair of French bedroom slippers for his Dad—comfortable and warm for long evenings at home. A bright eyed Parisian doll for Dolly—that would have made her eyes sparkle and her voice ecstatic with pleasure.

Tenderly he placed the doll at one side. Then he took up the purse and slippers—poked the fire a bit till it burned more brightly—and laid the two gifts in the midst of the flames. . . . The pungent odor of leather burning filled him with a sense of callous, morbid satisfaction. The flames curled and licked around them—slowly—then more quickly—till they began to crumble into nothing. Symbolic, he thought, of how all the happiness of his past had crumbled into nothing. . . .

The clock in the church tower near by struck twelve. Shadows without and shadows within held the house and its lonely occupant in a cold embrace.

II

Two dense lines of traffic alternately moved and stopped, moved and stopped at a downtown intersection of busy streets. The shrill whistle of the traffic officer unraveled long lines of congestion and kept order where all might speedily have been chaos.

On the sidewalks the pedestrians passed up and down in the jostling crowds of the evening hour. They were the usual preoccupied, tired-looking, home-going workers of the city—and for a long time none of them noticed the little girl who stood on the curbing, not daring to venture across the street in the midst of the traffic. It was only when she began to cry that a group of people gathered around her.

"The kid must be lost," said one sporty looking young man to another.

"O the poor little dear!" cried a young lady.

"Where's your home, little girl?" another asked, while a reporter breezed up and briskly asked the child for her name, address, occupation, parentage and the condition of her health all in one breath, with his pencil poised. Tears and frightened looks were the only answer to the barrage of questions flung at her by the bystanders.

The officer on the corner saw the commotion, threaded his way through the stream of traffic over to the corner and dispersed the mob.

"Move along there," he bellowed; "where d'ya think you are—in a theayter? Go on now—get along with you. Here, girlie," he said kindly, as he picked up the child, "what seems to be the trouble? Did you get lost?"

The girl nodded her head and began to wipe her eyes with a closed fist.

"Well, well, we'll fix that up in a hurry," he continued. "Here, Mike," he called out as he spied a colleague coming up, "take the babe over to the station and see if you can get in touch with her folks." He handed the child over and turned back to the street.

Over at the police station the officers gathered around the girl and joked and laughed with her until her confidence was restored and, in answer to a request, finally handed over the little child's purse she had hitherto clutched firmly to her bosom. There they found the information that all their questioning had been unable to obtain. The purse contained a little pink handkerchief, a string of beads and a notebook. On the outside of the little book they saw the words, written in large, round, childish letters:

Dolly Lacey
201 First St.

Half an hour later a car drew up before the house on First Street. The officer at the wheel looked it over quizzically as he stopped—thinking that the drawn shades and the darkness about it indicated that there was no one home. But the excitement shown by Dolly Lacey as soon as she spied it convinced him that it was the place he sought. He got out of the car and carried her up the four or five steps leading to the door and rang the bell. Dolly wriggled from his arms and opened the door herself. The officer peered into the dim interior after her.

A man was sitting in an armchair before the open fireplace, half turned toward the door. He had not spoken nor moved.

"Anybody by the name of Lacey—" the officer began—then stopped suddenly.

With a glad little cry the girl had dashed across the room and fairly leaped into the arms of the silent man. Only two words were spoken.

"Dodo!"

"Dolly!"

Another silence fell, broken only by the happy sobbing of the girl.

"Ahem—er—is this—" the officer began again—when a dazed look suddenly came into his face. Why—they were both crying! Two children instead of one! He coughed, shook his head, and backed out of the door. Softly he turned the knob behind him.

III

A change came over the house on First Street with the return of Dolly. The shades were no longer drawn as they had been before and the sunlight was allowed to enter, where it usually found a room scattered with toys and ribbons and games, over which Dolly presided with her Parisian doll, Joan, always in her arms or close to her.

With the change over the house came also a change over Joe. He had cried for the first time the night Dolly had returned—and the tears were good for him—for he had cried no more since. Rather he had laughed often since that night—and though the clouds were not gone—Dolly provided him with sunshine enough to make him forget them.

In the first few moments of their reunion he had been so happy over Dolly's return that he had hardly even wondered by what happening of chance she had been brought back to him. With it was an almost fierce resolve that she would not be taken away—that he would keep her against the whole world. But when he heard Dolly tell how his mother was sick and in bed, he had taken pains to find out about it. The knowledge was easily obtained. The first person he had called up—his mother's sister—told him what happened and how Dolly had been lost. His mother had come back to town in a state of nervous breakdown and had been put to bed at her sister's. There Dolly had a great deal of time to herself and little source of amusement, in quest of which she had wandered into the heart of town and been lost. Of course, they were frantic, said his aunt, and Dolly's mother was in hysterics—but when they called the police station and found that Dolly had been taken to the house on First Street, they felt relieved. And would Joe mind keeping the child with him till his mother recovered?

Would he? He had merely said—yes, he would keep her—but in his heart he had thundered—he would keep her forever. Then the question he knew would be asked came—wouldn't he come and see his mother? She wanted to talk to him so badly—had been calling for him. No, said Joe, he couldn't. He wouldn't want to disturb her any more than she had been. He knew, in his heart, it was cruel, inhuman, unforgiving. But his wound was deep and he wanted time—time, now that he had Dolly—to let it heal. That was some improvement. Before Dolly's coming he had not even wanted the wound to heal.

Thus a new spirit came to dwell over the house on First Street, and to awaken a new and happier purpose in the life of Joe. An old friend of the family—a kind old distant relative who had helped in the Lacey home when both Joe and Dolly were born—consented to come and live there—taking care of the house and Dolly while Joe was away at work.

It was summer time, and Joe loved to take Dolly out in the long evenings or on a Sunday afternoon to walk through the parks or up and down the streets of the more beautiful parts of the city, in her company gradually getting back to a more healthful and normal state of mind. But sometimes Dolly's questions would probe the old wound—reawaken bitter thoughts—though they were asked in all the simple innocence of her unfolding mind.

One day in June they were walking in a shady, leafy lane—when they saw a man and a maid strolling leisurely along a little in advance of them, arm in arm.

"Who are they, Dodo?" Dolly asked, as though he must know everything.

"Why, I couldn't say, Dolly. I never saw them before."

"Is it a brother and sister like you and me?"

"Well, no—I don't think so," said Joe, hesitatingly. "Not exactly. I think they must be friends."

Dolly walked on in silence a moment—seemingly distracted by a little bird she saw hopping in the grass along the walk. But she came back to the subject.

"Are they like mother and daddy were, Dodo?" she asked this time.

"Yes, I guess so," he answered, "or at least they're going to be. O look, Dolly—isn't that a pretty tree over there with the leaves all red in the sunlight!" He was manifestly trying to change the subject. Dolly's train of thought bothered him.

Dolly expressed due admiration and then spoke again.

"But will they go away like daddy and mother did—and not see each other any more?" There was something troubrous in the child's face and Joe looked at her—marveling at the process that was going on in her mind. He answered her almost as if he were speaking to a woman rather than a child—and his words came straight from his bleeding heart.

"I suppose so, Dolly. They're all doing it. It's the rage." He smiled bitterly, sneeringly.

"But why?"

"Yes—why, Dolly, why? That's the question. I don't know. It's beyond me. . . . Come on—let's get back home before dark."

Why? The question stuck in Joe's mind and left him no rest. Hitherto he had thought merely of the fact; it had been done—homes had been broken—his home had been broken and his home-world had crashed in a moment. The pain of it was too much even for thought. But now he began thinking about it—turning it over in his mind—wondering with Dolly why and how such a thing could come to pass.

His was not a deep process of reasoning. He merely saw the most sacred thing in human existence—family life—that around which the very world was built—that which in its very notion embraces the idea of solidity and perpetuity and fidelity—being blasted on the rocks of human fickleness and inconstancy. Surely it was never meant to end like that. It was too noble, too important, too sacred. Why should it end? Why did it? Why could it?

Ceaselessly his mind sought an answer to these questions—and then one day when he was riding in a crowded street car he overheard part of the conversation of two women in the seat before him.

"Well, why doesn't she get a divorce?" asked one.

"Oh, don't you know Catholics are not allowed to get a divorce? They can't do it—it's against their Church—"

That was all he heard—but he remembered now that he had heard it before. "They can't do it!" It all came back to him now. Somewhere in the world—someone in the world kept sacred the foundations of the home. There must be consolation there for him. . . .

It was evening. Supper was over. With a set expression on his face Joe Lacey ascended the steps of St. Peter's Catholic Rectory and rang the bell.

The door opened, and Joe entered the hallway, almost trembling.

IV

St. Peter's Church had never looked more beautiful than on a morning in September when Joe Lacey and Lucy Hart were married. The altar was covered with carnations; the sanctuary was set off by waving palms; and the servers in white cassocks with sashes of red looked like angels ministering at the altar of the Lord. Lucy was one of the most popular girls in the parish—and hundreds turned out to see her wedding.

But all the beauty of his surroundings was nothing compared with the peace and happiness that had come to dwell in the heart of Joe. In a few short weeks he had mastered all the instructions given him by Father Dempsey—and had come to love the faith with an intense devotion that rivaled Lucy's.

Joe thought he would never forget the look of joy and love that had come into Lucy's face on the night he had called on her for the first time since his return—when he was able to tell her that he had that day been baptized a Catholic. He concluded then and there that all the pain of his home-coming—all the misery that had come to him from his blasted home—had had a purpose. It had led him into the Church of God and brought back Lucy.

So they were married—and the bells pealed gloriously—and the organ played and the choir sang a beautiful hymn to the Mother of God as they marched down the aisle after the ceremony was over. Dolly marched bravely behind the happy couple with the little beribboned cushion on which she had borne the ring. Dolly was happy, too, though she did not know it was she who had been the instrument in the hands of Providence to make all this possible.

The wedding party drove off in decorated cars amid shouts and laughter. The crowds left the Church—stood in knots chatting for a while—then drifted away. The Church was almost deserted.

Almost—but not quite. After all the rest had gone—two lonely figures remained—a man and a woman—one on each side in the rear of the Church. They were kneeling—both oblivious of anything but their thoughts. The man's head was buried in his hands; the woman's cheeks were scarred with tears.

After a while, by some coincidence, they rose from their places at

the same time. Turning, they saw each other for the first time—and for a full minute they stared uncertainly. Then they moved toward the door.

Under the arch of the vestibule they met. A quiet, chastened, sad-eyed man placed his hand on the arm of a weeping woman and simply said:

"Mother, let's go home and see our boy!"

The woman took his arm in hers and spoke no word. . . .

* * *

The moonlight seems all the brighter, when it comes out suddenly through the clouds in the depth of night. The sunshine is always more brilliant when it appears after a morning of darkness and rain. And the joy that came into the house on First Street on the day that Joe was married was all the sweeter, for it broke through the man-made sorrows that God had taken away.

GREAT GIFTS

In a letter written by Joyce Kilmer, the lovable soldier-poet and convert, who died at the front during the Great War, we find this little note:

"Except while we are in the trenches, I receive Holy Communion every day, so it ought to be all the easier for me to obtain this object of my prayers (love of God). I got Faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope to get love the same way."

What a light these few casual lines throw upon the life of a true Catholic!

What progress do they make in virtue who are taught by their own experience that of themselves they can do nothing, but on the other hand, that they can do all things with the help of God!

To stand still for a long time is to stagnate. To go backwards is always dangerous. Isn't it surprising how many people resent the reminder: "to keep moving!" And how annoyed some become when told that their own going is an essential matter if the world is to be a convenient place for all who are in it!

It is well to be humble: the gale which breaks the pine does not bruise the violet.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

The Story of Perpetual Help

CH. X. THE HISTORIC TABLET OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Until recently the only source of information we had concerning the early history of the miraculous Picture of Perpetual Help was a sermon, delivered in 1715, by Conceptius Carocci, S.J. Today, however, we are more fortunate, for, as a result of the painstaking efforts of Fr. Henze, C.Ss.R., we have at our disposal an authentic copy of the ancient historic tablet on which was written the true story of Perpetual Help. Composed as early as the pontificate of Alexander VI, that is, between the years 1492-1503, it possesses far greater authority and merits a more ready assent than does Carocci's sermon. While Carocci's sermon is, for the most part, in harmony with the story of the tablet, yet here and there it strikes a discordant note. These errors—for such they really are—will be revealed in the account of the tablet itself, and more fully explained in a following paper.

True, we do not possess the original tablet—a piece of parchment affixed to a wooden board—as it hung for three centuries—(1499-1798)—close to our Picture, where all might read the story, in old St. Matthew's church on the Esquiline Hill. It was most likely destroyed together with the church in 1798, when Napoleon's legions, like swooping vultures, bore down upon the Eternal City, leaving some thirty churches in utter ruin.

Sad, indeed, would be our lot did we not possess authentic copies of this most treasured tablet. But such, luckily, is not the case. For, three copies, so far as we know, exist. And here we beg indulgence to relate the story of their discovery. In 1903, Rev. Joseph Kass, C.Ss.R., went to the Vatican Library to look for matter concerning the Picture of Perpetual Help. Little did he expect the surprise that

awaited him. Scarcely had he made his first inquiry when, to his utmost joy, Peter Wenzel, sometime subprefect of the Vatican Archives, presented him with a copy of the original tablet which he had accidentally found among the pages of an old codex, compiled by a certain Turrigius. This discovery encouraged Fr. Kaas to continue his investigations. He did so, and he was rewarded for his many hours of trying toil by finding a second copy of the tablet in the Third Volume of a work by Brutius. In the Sixteenth Volume of the same author's work a third copy was discovered, in 1923, by Fr. Henze, C.Ss.R.

Turrigius prefaces his copy of the tablet with these words: (This account is to be found) "on a wooden tablet hanging on the railings of the high altar in St. Matthew's church." And Brutius heads the copy in his Third Volume thus: "Piety and devotion were here increased in a wonderful manner by the miraculous Picture of the Blessed Virgin, which was brought to this place on March 27, 1499. A merchant took it by stealth from the island of Crete, and carried it to Rome. The account (of this incident) is related on two old tablets, one in Latin, and the other in Italian, "which," as he adds in his Sixteenth Volume, "are preserved in this (i.e., St. Matthew's) church. Both tell the same story." The account was written in both languages, we believe, so that all, both natives and foreigners, might read it.

It must have been difficult for Brutius to make out the letters of the tablet, now more than one hundred and seventy years old, not only because at this time, that is, 1670, they were in a much faded condition, but also because, in order to get the entire account on the tablet, they had been written very closely together. But this did not deter Brutius; he was used to hard labor, a fact fully proved by the twenty-six volumes of his manuscript works now in the Vatican Library, so he undertook the task of presenting an accurate transcript of the tablet. Moreover, he was styled by a contemporary writer, the Benedictine Abbot, Cornelius Magarinus, "a most learned and pious author." Hence, we experience no difficulty in accepting his copy as trustworthy.

With these three copies before him, Fr. Henze set to work to learn the true story of Perpetual Help. His was the task of comparing all three to discover wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed. They differed, he learned, only in minor details, such as spelling, use of tenses, case-endings, etc., but they agreed in all the essential particulars of the story. The completed and corrected account, written in Latin,

may be found in Fr. Henze's scientific work "Mater de Perpetuo Succursu," published at Bonn, Germany, in 1926. We here submit an English translation which we have made very literal to bring out more clearly the simplicity and naiveté of the original. The account is as follows:

"How the Picture of the Virgin Mary was brought to this church of St. Matthew, the Apostle.

"A certain merchant, who was a native of Crete, stole this Picture of the Virgin, which had wrought many miracles in a church of that island. With the Picture concealed among his wares, he boarded a ship and set out to sea. But soon a great storm arose, and all the sailors began to despair of their safety. Though they knew nothing of the Picture on board, they prayed most fervently to God and the Virgin to be saved from the impending danger. And as it was God's will, they reached the port which they sought.

"A year later, the merchant came to Rome, bringing the Picture along with him. There he was laid low by a malignant disease. Immediately he summoned to his bedside a Roman friend of his with whom he was well acquainted; he asked his friend to care for him in his present illness, promising at the same time to return the favor, should God see fit to restore his health. The Roman received the merchant into his own house, and did all in his power to relieve his every want. But the disease continued to grow more violent. Seeing that his last day was approaching, the sick man called his friend and, with tears in his eyes, besought him to grant him one last request. The Roman promised that he would refuse him nothing. Having obtained this assurance the merchant divulged the entire story of the Picture; how he had stolen it from a church where it had wrought many miracles; and that it was to be found among his effects. 'Because of this, I beg of you,' he said, 'when death which is so near shall have deprived me of the power of taking the Picture where I would, I beg of you to put it in some church where, you think, there is a place more appropriate for such a Picture.'

"After the merchant's death, the Picture was found among his belongings. But the wife of the dead man's friend prevailed upon her husband by her entreaties, not to take the Picture out of the house. Instead she placed it in her bedroom, and kept it there for nine months.

"The Blessed Virgin, however, counseled the Roman in a vision

not to keep the Picture, but to put it in some more honorable place. He neglected to do so. A certain period of time having elapsed, the Virgin returned and advised him as before, saying, that he should not keep the Picture in his house. But this apparition he likewise disregarded. Wherefore the Virgin admonished him again, adding, that if he did not take the Picture to some church he would die a miserable death. Whereupon the Roman began to fear. Next morning he related this whole occurrence to his wife, and begged her to donate the Picture to some church. In reply his wife declared that she was astonished at his saying such silly things. 'Why,' she said, 'I am not an infidel but a Christian; and besides, we are not the only ones who keep a picture like this in their house; in fact,' she said, 'no Christian is of so evil a life as not to have a picture of the Virgin, or of Christ Crucified, or some other picture of this kind in his house.' With this the Roman submitted to his wife.

"The Virgin again appeared to the Roman and said: 'Behold, several times have I warned you, and even tried to frighten you with threats, so that you might remove me from this place; but you would not heed me. It is now necessary, therefore, that you depart first, so that I may thereafter find a more suitable abode.' At that moment the Roman was delivered up to a horrible disease, and died.

"The Virgin then appeared in a vision to the Roman's six-year-old daughter, saying: 'Go and admonish your mother and grandfather, saying to them: "*Holy Mary of Perpetual Help* commands you to take her out of your house, otherwise you shall all die at once.'" The girl recounted the apparition to her mother, and her mother hearing it began to tremble, for she, too, had had a similar vision; and realizing that she had been the cause of her husband's death, she began to weep. At the same time she firmly resolved to remove the Picture from her house. But a neighbor of hers, seeing her weeping, inquired after the reason. She told her all about her husband's visions, and how he, because she had opposed him, had disregarded them, and as a result died. She confessed, therefore, that she was lamenting and weeping because she had been the cause of her husband's death. To this her neighbor replied, saying: 'You are mistaken. Why, it is foolish to believe such things. The Virgin Mary is in heaven and does not care what we do with her painted pictures here below. Why, if you were to put it into the fire, the fire would burn it up just like any other piece

of wood. And if you are so timid, give it to me.' In a similar strain she continued to heap insulting slurs upon the Picture. When this neighbor returned home that evening, she was stricken with a miraculously-sent infection. But on making a solemn promise to the Picture, she was cured.

Finally, the Blessed Virgin appeared a second time to the above-mentioned little girl, commanding her to tell her mother to place her Picture between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's in a certain church dedicated to St. Matthew, the Apostle. The mother did as she was told, and sent for the Augustinian Friars who were then in charge of that church. In the presence of the clergy and all the people, they removed the Picture to St. Matthew's church where, on that same day, this miracle—the first to happen—occurred: A man who was so paralyzed in both his right arm and side that he could scarcely move, by humbly recommending himself to God and the Virgin, and promising a votive offering, was instantly cured.

"In this manner the Picture of the most Blessed Virgin was enshrined in the above-mentioned church of St. Matthew, the Apostle, on the 27th of March, 1499, in the pontificate of our most holy Father and Lord in Christ, of our Lord, Pope Alexander VI, in the seventh year of his pontificate."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FROM THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY IN DETROIT

Petitions: Spiritual favors 3,742. Temporal favors 4,869. Special favors 1,492. Poor Souls 8,667.

Thanksgiving: Spiritual favors 536. Temporal favors 643. Special favors 332. Health restored 417.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I wish to thank you publicly for two favors I have received. I will always pray to you, dear Mother.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I want to thank you publicly for the many favors you have granted me. I have been attending the Novenas for the last five or six years, and at each of them I asked for several temporal and spiritual wants and they have been granted. I have been praying for a few temporal and spiritual favors, and I hope, dear Mother, that you will grant these petitions soon.

Dearest Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you a thousand times for having granted a temporal favor during the Novena. My husband came home with the glad news that he had received a raise.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I am writing this in thanksgiving for the cure I received during the last Novena. I had a cancer which was thought incurable by physicians, but after the second day of the Novena it disappeared. After realizing the power of your intercession with your Divine Son, I am confident you will help me obtain one special spiritual favor which both my husband and I have prayed for, for three years. I have just received good news concerning this favor, and it is probable that I will receive it shortly. I will do all in my power to spread devotion in your honor.

FROM THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY IN NEW ORLEANS

"I have been operated on four times for a bone infection in the right leg. The infection had gone clear through the bone and for the past three years I had been obliged to walk on crutches. I had to be operated on every year and after each operation I tried to walk but I could never succeed.

"The doctor was preparing for a fifth operation last June when mother and I heard about the Nine Tuesdays and began to make them. After the sixth Tuesday my leg healed and I was able to put aside the crutches. I have since then had the leg X-rayed and doctors have declared it cured and in perfect condition.

"Mother and I also attended the Saturday High Mass and received Communion every Saturday.

"Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and the Little Flower of Jesus. I enclose \$20.00 for the New Shrine."

* * *

"For five years I have been suffering from high blood pressure and was unable to get any relief.

"I heard about the nine Tuesdays and began to make them, asking Our Mother of Perpetual Help to reduce the pressure to normal. I promised a Mass in thanksgiving.

"On the ninth Tuesday I called on my doctor and he told me the pressure was normal. I enclose \$1.00 for a Mass of thanksgiving."

Catholic Anecdotes

THE THOUGHT OF MARY

Everyone has heard the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh placed his cloak down in the mire for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her shoes in passing. But perhaps a similar story of another Knight is not so well known.

It was a Knight of Burgundy, of whom the story is told, and he was walking one day along a narrow garden path. A little country girl met him along the same walk with a bundle of faggots upon her shoulder. There was a puddle of water on both sides of the path, so that only one could pass. The Knight stepped aside, up to his knees in the mud, and as the girl passed by, she turned around in surprise:

"Noble sir," she said, "how could you do that for a poor little country girl like me?"

The Knight smiled and replied:

"Why, little girl, I thought of another one, once innocent and fair like you, of another one, who bore my Jesus in her arms. For her sweet sake I respected you."

DOROTHY ANTEL'S FAITH

I paid my periodical visit to Dorothea Antel's apartment in New York City. I left the taxi at her number, 316 West 72nd Street, telling the driver to wait; I'd be but a minute. I was sure I'd find Dorothea very low, and so wouldn't tarry to rob her of her slight modicum of strength. She'd been abed so many years now with that broken spine. But the driver went off without me, for Dorothea gave me a full hour. Just as lovely and fresh-looking a girl as ever, what took my breath was the Hope she radiated in word, smile and movement of her graceful hands. That girl simply will not yield. I'd despaired over so many things since I'd seen Dorothea last, and I was keen to probe into the secret of her patient fortitude.

"Are you ever going to give up this everlasting fight, Dorothea?"

"Never, Father Will, never. While there's Lourdes, there's Hope."

"Lourdes! Good heavens, child, Lourdes is on the other side of the sea. Lourdes! do you realize Lourdes is in France?"

"Yes, but all the same I'm going to Lourdes; something tells me I must. And you just wait and see me return fully cured."

"Dorothea, you own great grit."

"Won't you please call it Faith?"

"Yes, your Faith is boundless, but while Faith can remove mountains," I shook my head, "the deep, boundless sea!"

"I'll cross in a wheel-chair. I'm coaxing every ounce of my strength together to stand the test. I'll get there! I will! and I'll come back a well woman. What I shall then do with the rest of my life, God will show me."

She smiled, and there was a rainbow round the room because of that smile.

I know that Dorothea Antel's Faith will carry her across the ocean. The rest is in the hands of God.—*W. W. Whalen.*

WORKING FOR HIS COUNTRY

It is related of the renowned Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator of Ireland, that he was walking one night on the terrace of the parliament buildings. An important debate was on in the House of Commons, and an eager friend of Ireland went to seek O'Connell. He found him walking up and down saying his Rosary, and intimated pretty strongly, that he ought to be in the House doing something for his country.

The great man replied:

"Perhaps I am doing more for Ireland just now than you think."

A STRONG ARGUMENT

"The few persons I have met who have definitely abandoned the Faith," writes Stanley B. James, himself a well-known convert, "show no pride in the fact, and are certainly in no mood of thanksgiving. I have never met one who could be described as happy. Whereas in those of us who have been given to travel in the opposite direction, the language of praise wells up spontaneously. The only thought that checks such language is the audacity of praising what is above praise—of seeming to offer a testimonial to the Catholic Church."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE OPEN ROAD

More and more people seem to heed the call of the open road. The lake and summer cottage draw larger crowds each year. And when we think of the closeness of the cities, the stifling air, the noise and bustle and nervous hurry of city streets and homes, we cannot but wish that as many as possible might be able to share the benefits of that country's fresh air and sunshine and open spaces.

But the open road should also lead to God, not away from Him. For apart from Him there is no true sunshine, such as reaches heart and soul; apart from Him there is no joy to recreate us inwardly.

He must go with you in your daily prayer; He must be with you in Sunday Mass; He must be your heart's guest in Holy Communion, then as before. Your leisure should rather give you greater opportunity.

Above all, the open road should not lead to sin or shattered ideals. Vacation is no excuse for laxity. Sin is darkness, not light, not sunshine.

Fresh air! Fresh with the perfume of fields and flowers and the fragrance of God!

A PHILOSOPHER ON PRAYER

Orestes A. Brownson was undoubtedly one of the greatest thinkers America produced. Having passed successively through almost every form of faith and infidelity, he finally joined the Church and applied his wonderful powers to the defense and explanation of her teaching. In one of his books, speaking about prayer, he writes:

"Let us never forget that the great work we want done is, after all, not done by men but by God Himself, using or not using men as seems good to Him; therefore, that always our most effectual working will be prayer to Him that He may be pleased Himself to act. A single prayer offered in secret to Almighty God by some devout soul unknown to the world, can effect more than the most elaborate articles or brilliant and stirring editorials.

"God loves the simple and humble, and will do anything for them. The times are fearful, the dangers thick and threatening. Let us betake ourselves to prayer as the surest and speediest remedy."

And in another passage the logic of his position leads him to say very beautifully:

"It is the prayer of that poor Irish apple woman that sits meekly day after day in all kinds of weather at the corner of the street (a familiar sight in Brownson's day) waiting for a customer for her scant supply of fruit, continually saying her beads, that will bring down the blessings of God upon our country and make us a Christian people."

THE NEW LAW

A French bishop, who had just been consecrated, was giving a reception. Among those who came to congratulate him, were many non-Catholics, and one Jewish friend.

"The Old Law embraces the New," said the Jew, while greeting his friend in the French fashion. Before returning the caress, the Bishop hesitated a moment, and then said:

"My dear friend, you are a lawyer; do you not know that when a new law is made, the old one is abrogated?"

An eminent Jewish lawyer to whom we related the story appreciated it so thoroughly as to remark:

"And the argument is all there."

THE POWER OF KINDNESS AND LOVE

Human hearts are like the iron—that, as the story goes, various forces one day tried to soften.

"I shall soften it," said the axe, and down it came with all its force upon the piece of iron. The iron bent nor broke, and the axe became only more nicked and dented at each try until it gave up in despair.

"Watch me," said the big saw, and it tore away, grinding up and down at the iron with a horrible noise. It tried till all its teeth fell out, but the iron lay unmoved.

"It's easy for me," said the hammer, and it let fly with a crashing blow and lo! the head flew off, the handle broke and the iron lay the same as it had been before.

"Shall I try?" timidly ventured the little flame.

"You!" they cried in derision, "what can you do?"

But the little flame curled up around the hard iron, encircled it in its soft grasp, and slowly and patiently melted it in its arms.

Even so can human hearts be softened more by the power of the little flame of charity and kindness—than by all the might forces of the world.

THINK IT OVER

"By means of fifteen minutes' meditation," said St. Ignatius, "I think I could reconcile myself to the greatest calamity that could befall me."

Meditation is only prayerful thought about the problems of life in relation to eternity. It is trying to see the values of things—not in the blind, prejudiced, worldly judgments of the flesh—but in the eyes of God. In one word, it is "thinking life over."

A man of the world takes time before entering an important business deal. He says: "Wait. I will think it over."

A young man or young woman takes time before entering a profession or state of life. They balance the pros and cons; they consult and seek advice; they "think it over."

But who thinks it over before plunging into a life of sin? Who weighs the pros and cons—balance in the scales of truth the weight of a few short years against the endlessness of eternity? Only the man who has learned to meditate.

No wonder, then, that "with desolation a whole land can be made desolate—when there is no one who thinketh in his heart."

AN UNWILLING COMPLIMENT

Dr. Mason, an old-time worthy of the Church of England, one day engaged in conversation with an avowed infidel, who scoffed at Christianity because of the immoral lives of many of its professors.

"Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" asked Doctor Mason.

The infidel admitted frankly that he had not.

"Then, don't you see," said the doughty doctor, "that by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you acknowledge it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?"

The infidel was silent, there being nothing that he could say.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF THE LOWER GERMAN PROVINCE

Bishop Paternain was born in Minas, Uruguay, November 16, 1894. He is, therefore, but thirty-five years old. His parents were: Resurencion Paternain and Joanna Espinosa Fernandez. Both of them came from families long resident in Uruguay; both of them from well-known and esteemed families.

At the age of three, Bishop Paternain lost his father by death. The mother gave him every advantage for a splendid education and herself saw to his education in the Catholic religion and the practice of virtue. The new Bishop is endowed with splendid talents and is a great lover of music.

At the age of twelve he entered the seminary and after the classical course showed especial brilliance in philosophy.

At the seminary his thoughts turned conventward and he chose the Redemptorist Congregation. He was admitted to the novitiate and made his vows May 1, 1917.

His higher studies were absolved at Astorga in Spain. He was ordained there Feb. 19, 1921. And after making his second novitiate from August to December, 1921, he sailed for South America.

He is especially renowned as a pulpit orator of the first rank. His best productions are Catechetical sermons and the instruction of children. He was appointed recently to found the house of Tucuman—belonging to the jurisdiction of the Lower German Province.

The death of the Bishop of Melo, Msgr. Arrospide (a distant relative of the new Bishop) brought the first rumors of his elevation.

Now these rumors are confirmed by his appointment in April.

Miracles are the language of the Most High, intelligible to all. They have entered into His plan and are decreed in the order of His Providence.

Catholic Events

On June 7, Cardinal Gasparri and Premier Benito Mussolini exchanged ratifications of the Lateran treaties, and thus brought to an end the estrangement which existed between the Holy See and Italy since 1870, and brought into existence the new Vatican City State.

In the short ceremony which marked the event, the Cardinal and the Premier signed a document testifying that the exchange of ratifications had occurred and giving the following assurances:

"The high contracting parties at the moment of the exchange of the ratifications of the Lateran treaties again affirm their desire loyally to observe in letter and spirit not only the treaty of conciliation in its irrevocable reciprocal recognition of sovereignties and in its definite elimination of the Roman Question, but also are concerned in its lofty aims tending to regulate the condition of religion and the Church in Italy."

Signor Mosconi, Finance Minister of Italy, then signed a check for 750,000,000 lire (about \$39,000,000) payable to the Papal Secretary of State, and presented it to him as the first payment from the Italian Government in reimbursement for the land seized from the Vatican fifty-nine years ago.

Msgr. Pizzardo then handed Cardinal Gasparri the Holy Father's autograph letter, the first message ever sent through the newly inaugurated telegraph office of Vatican City, in which the Pontiff addressed the King of Italy, and imparted the Apostolic Benediction to the King and Queen, the Royal Family, Italy, and the whole world. The Holy Father sent a special blessing to the Royal Plenipotentiary and all present at the historic ceremony.

King Victor Emmanuel replied in the following telegram: "I am moved at the cordial telegram sent to me by Your Holiness on the occasion of the exchange of ratifications of the Lateran treaties. I share your Holiness' hope and raise a prayer to God that with today's act we may have the beginning of a new, happy era in the relations between Church and State. With her Majesty, the Queen, and my royal family, I thank Your Holiness for the blessing imparted to us."

The announcement of the government of the Vatican City State in its new form, brought with it the official announcement that Msgr. Borgongini-Duca had been named first Papal Nuncio to Italy, that Francesco Pacelli was named General Counsellor to the Vatican City, and that Cardinal Serafini was confirmed as Governor.

The "fundamental law" of the Vatican City was promulgated in twenty-one articles, according to which, the Holy Father has fullness of legislative, executive and judicial power in the newly created State. During an interregnum between the death of one Pope and the election of his successor, these powers are to be vested in the Sacred College

of Cardinals, with the provision that legislative measures taken by the Cardinals must be ratified by the new Pope for validity.

* * *

According to a Universal Service dispatch appearing in the papers June 22, the differences between the Mexican Government and the Roman Catholic Church have been settled.

A cablegram from the Holy See, which reached Mexico City Friday, June 21, ratified in behalf of the Church the measures to which President Emilio Portes Gil and Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, the Apostolic Delegate, agreed. The measures were effected by the envoys of both parties in conference the last week.

According to this report, the agreement signed by the chief Mexican executive and the Apostolic Delegate, with due ceremony, at the National Palace at 12:30 o'clock, provides:

- (1) For the delegation by Bishops of the priests who are to register as custodians of the church premises;
- (2) That the church will be unhampered in teaching religious concepts outside any school giving lay instruction; and
- (3) That the Catholic hierarchy and the priests of Mexico are free to take any legal measures they wish in efforts to change laws and constitutional provisions, which in their opinion, should be eliminated.

While the provisions may not be all that the Church asked, continues the report, it is considered here, at least, to be a good beginning. It is felt that the functioning again of the Mexican priesthood can give the government a demonstration of the good faith of the Catholic Church necessary to prepare the country for those changes in the cult laws which are deemed necessary by the Church.

According to a statement by the Apostolic Delegate, services in the churches may be resumed on or about June 29.

* * *

Archbishop Ruiz issued the following statement to the press, according to this report:

"I am glad to say that all conversations have been marked by a spirit of mutual good will and respect. As a consequence of the statement made by the President, the Mexican clergy will resume religious services pursuant to the laws in force.

"I entertain the hope that the resumption of religious services may lead the Mexican people, animated by a spirit of mutual good will, to cooperate in all moral efforts made for the benefit of all the people of our fatherland."

The report that the agreement had been signed spread over Mexico City like wildfire, and caused a marvelous change in the psychology of a million people.

* * *

A Catholic School pupil, Robert L. Sullivan, of Cathedral High School, Syracuse, N. Y., won the annual nation-wide Flag contest of the United States Flag Association, sponsored by the Hearst Newspapers, in the finals held in Washington. Another Catholic School pupil, Miss Lupe I. Rivera, St. Agnes High School, Los Angeles, was winner of first place for girls.

Thirty-six regional champions came to Washington as representatives of the whole country, and of these eleven were pupils of Catholic Schools. Some of the other regional champions were Catholics, although not students in Catholic schools.

Of the eight finalists, four were representatives of parochial schools. Among the other Catholic champions was Nora N. Johnson, of St. Gerard Majella School, San Antonio, Texas. The champions were selected from more than 250,000 candidates.

* * *

When the Liner President Jackson docked at San Francisco, its passengers were singing the praise of a hero-priest who descended into the hold of the ship and administered the last rites of the Church to 20 Filipinos who had been stricken with a malignant and infectious disease. Eighteen of the victims died within ten days while the ship was between Kobe and Honolulu. They were buried at sea.

The priest, who risked his life time and again, was Father Raymond Lane, Superior of the Maryknoll Missioners in Manchuria. Father Lane was born in Lawrence, Mass., and abandoned his studies at West Point to enter religious life.

* * *

A "State treaty" regulating the relations between the State of Prussia and the Holy See was signed June 14, by the Prussian Premier, Dr. Otto Braun, and Msgr. Eugene Pacelli, Papal Nuncio. It will become effective when ratified by the Prussian Diet and approved by the Pope.

* * *

The Rumanian Parliament has voted a bill to establish a concordat with the Holy See, and it only awaits the sanction of the Royal Regency Council.

* * *

The American Chemical Society has announced that William Hamm, of Maryhurst Normal School, Kirkwood, Mo. (under the Brothers of Mary), one of the institutions affiliated with St. Louis University, has been awarded the second prize of \$300 in an essay contest, the subject of which was "The Interrelation of Chemistry and Applied Electricity."

* * *

For the second year in succession a Catholic student has been declared champion orator of the Dominion of Canada, and will represent Canada in the International Oratorical Contest to be held in Washington, D. C., against the best speakers of the United States and Europe. The Canadian champion is Roche Pinard, of Joliet Seminary, Quebec.

* * *

Competing against 113 High Schools in North Dakota, the Academy of St. James, Grand Forks, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, won the Lions Club Sweepstakes trophy for general scholastic excellence at the annual State High School Contest held at the University of North Dakota.

St. James took five first places and three third places.

Some Good Books

The History of the Passion, Death and Glorification of Our Savior, Jesus Christ. An Exegetical Commentary, by The Rev. J. E. Belser, D.D. Freely adapted into English by The Rev. F. A. Marks. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, 1929. 668 pages. Price \$4.75.

"In the following exposition we shall, by combining the accounts of all four Evangelists, try to obtain an adequate picture of the Passion and Glorification of Christ. We shall divide the entire subject matter into three parts, of which the first comprises the events preceding the Passion, from the resolution of the Sanhedrim decreeing the death of Jesus to the Last Supper, (151 pages),—while the second tells the story of the Passion from the last Supper to the Burial of Christ (409 pages),—and the third describes His career from the Resurrection to the Ascension (86 pages)." Quoted from the Introduction.

Every student of Scripture, every priest in the active ministry would appreciate this book that, in content offers so much, and in method satisfies so well.

Modern Spiritualism. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. 88 pages. Paper cover. Price 40c.

Father Thurston, in four chapters, discusses The Failure of Spiritualism in the Past, The Causes of Past Failure, The Menace of the Future, The Valhalla of Spiritualism.

They are reprints of articles that appeared in The Month and The Irish Quarterly Studies. They bear the impress of Father Thurston's work,—painstaking documentation, wide reading, and fairness.

Catholic Faith and Practice. A Handbook of Popular Instruction. By Rev. John E. Pichler. Adapted by Isabel Garahan, B.A. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. 458 pages. Price \$3.00.

This is a course of instructions covering the entire Catechism. The instructions are very good—clear, simple, logical. Every chapter is summarized in one or two questions and answers, the

latter printed in bold type. To each chapter are appended some anecdotes that illustrate the matter treated. It will be a serviceable book for priests, catechists and teachers, as well as for private study.

Pray the Mass. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. 128 pages. Price 20c.

This little booklet contains: The Ordinary of the Mass (the parts that remain unchanged in every mass) in Latin and English (side by side); the Mass and Absolution (Libera) of the Dead; the Marriage Ceremony and the Nuptial Mass.

The print is very good, the form is very handy, the brief notes are satisfactory. All in all, a very good book for those who wish to study the Mass.

The Page of Christ. By Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Published by Benziger Brothers. 95 pages. Price 40c. Prayerbook size, paper cover.

The subtitle explains: The Meaning of the Office and Duties of an Altar Boy when serving at Mass.

It is an attempt to help the youthful server at Mass perform his duties not perfunctorily but with understanding. "In the multiplicity of treatises on the Manner of Serving Mass," says Msgr. Purcell in his brief Foreword, "we find none that brings home to the altar boy the spiritual aspects in a more telling way."

For this reason, I think that he is correct in saying: "This little book will be received with delight by those who are burdened with the serious responsibility of instructing altar boys."

The Death of the Cross. A Physiological Study. By Dr. E. Le Bec, (Paris). Translated from the French by Miss Rose Schuster. Published by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis. Price 12c. 22 pages. Illustrated with G. Fugel's Stations.

Dr. Le Bec gives a very vivid and very reverent description of the causes of Our Saviour's death. It would make a good meditation for anybody.

Some Good Books

Our Spiritual Service to the Sick and Dying. By Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C.P.P.S. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 128 pages. Price 20c. Prayerbook size; paper cover; beautifully illustrated.

The first part (42 pages) entitled Instructions bring brief but clear and satisfactory suggestions regarding the spiritual help to be given the sick and dying.

The second part, "Prayers"—besides the prayers of the Church, presents other prayers for the use of the sick, mostly indulgenced. The selection is very good, complete and varied.

A book of this kind should be in every Catholic home. The present one is in every way commendable.

Out of Many Hearts. Compiled by Brother Adrian, C.S.C. Published by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. 56 pages.

Here, under chapter headings such as God's Usher, The Pearl of Great Price, The Religious Teacher's Vocation, The Need of Religious Teachers, The Lay Brotherhood, etc., we have detached sayings of many authors. Together they form, if not a complete treatise, at least a very good commentary on the Teaching Brotherhood.

Perhaps this is a distinct advantage. Many who would not be interested in a long treatise would be struck by the beautiful and printed quotations that contain the pith of the whole essays. I wish that as many as possible of our boys could get to read the book.

Chalk Talks, or Teaching Catechism Graphically. By Jerome F. O'Connor, S.J., and William Hayden, S.J. Part I. Teacher's Edition. Price 15c. Part II. Children's Edition. Price 12c. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis.

The order followed is indicated in the chapter headings: Fall of the Angels, Creation, Adam and Eve, Guardian Angel, Morning and Evening Prayers, God sees us at all times, Sin, Adam and Eve Lost Heaven, The Cross of

Christ, Grace, The Church. It is based on the Baltimore Catechism.

As to the method,—it is on the whole a worthy effort to make the teaching of Catechism not only intelligible to little minds, but also interesting. Even if a teacher could not carry it out exactly, he would find these books to be very suggestive and stimulating.

The Sunday Missal. For all Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year. With Introduction, Notes, and a Book of Prayer. Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lanson. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.00 (Special prices to schools).

This, it seems to me, is the best edition of the Missal yet published. The fact that only the Masses for the Sundays and Feast Days are given, prevents the confusion that is caused for lay people by the full Missal. The Introduction and notes help to a better understanding of the Mass and its sacred actions. The "Study Plan," the work of Rev. W. R. Kelly, which is incorporated in the book, will make it very serviceable for school purposes as well as for converts.

The Forty Hours' Devotion to Jesus In the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 122 pages. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 20c.

In a sub-title we receive this explanation: "Its prayers and ceremonies explained for the special use of the Catholic people, so that they may attend and follow this devotion with understanding. To which are added prayers and readings for two half-hour visits to the Blessed Sacrament."

This tells us quite clearly what is in the book. Nothing concerning the Forty Hours is missed. We have an introductory account of the history and meaning of the Devotion, the entire ceremonial of the devotion, and some meaningful prayers for use during the devotion. Our Catholic people will be grateful for the little book.

Lucid Intervals

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation.

"I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions."

"Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.

"Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."

Man in Dentist's Chair: Whew, my head aches terribly.

Dentist (absently): Yes, yes, I'll fill it in just a moment.

The telephone in a well known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"

The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:

"The smartest man in the world."

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number."

As an index of character, the teacher was asking the class one after another what they would most like to do. "And what is your greatest ambition, Jimmie?" she inquired.

Jimmy hesitated for a brief moment, considering; then he answered brightly: "I think it is to wash mother's ears."

Teacher— "Johnny, what is a hypocrate?"

Johnny— "A boy wot comes t' school wid a smile on his face."

Shinn— That guy over there has a lot of money in an old sock.

Foote— That so? A miser, eh?

Shinn— Naw. That's Jack Dempsey!

Pat: "Do you know that I fell over 50 feet today?"

Mike: "And weren't you hurt?"

Pat: "No, I tried to get out of a crowded street car."

The negro teacher was tall and powerful of frame, and as he preached he whacked the pulpit cushion with hammer-like strokes of his massive fist. But his preaching consisted simply of the repetition of one phrase: "May the Lord give us more power. More power, O Lord!"

At last a small negro got up in the back of the church, a disgusted expression on his face, and called out in piping tones:

"What you-all need, Bruddah Robbins, is not moah power, but moah idees!"

Oi want yez t' take that big hoigh lamp yez sold me back again," said Mr. Mulcahey entering the store in high dudgeon.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"Yez said it was a piano lamp," roared Mr. Mulcahey, "and divil a chune hov Oi been able t' git out of it!"

The Captain: "If anything moves, shoot!"

Sentry: "Yessah; an' if anything shoots, Ah move."

Emanuel Jackson, a mule tender, appeared one morning on crutches.

"Man," exclaimed a friend, "Ah always thought you was one of the best mule handlers in the business."

"So Ah is," said Emanuel, proudly, "but we got a mule in this morning that didn't know my reputation."

A man in describing how hot it gets in Arizona in summer said: "I saw a dog chasing a rabbit, and both were walking."

Waiter, there's no chicken in this chicken soup!

Well, did you ever find any horse in horse-raddish?

School Examiner— "What is the meaning of false doctrine?"

Schoolboy— "Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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